

Washington's Snuff Box.

We have in our possession, at this time, a large gold snuff box, which was once the property of General Washington; it is made of very fine gold, richly chased and ornamented on all sides, and bears evidence of the taste of the age when it was constructed. Upon the inside of the lid the following inscription is engraved:

"THIS BOX WAS PRESENTED

BY

LORD ELLENBOROUGH

TO

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The history of the box may be told in a very few words. It appears that Lord Ellenborough had a brother, who arrived in this country soon after the close of the Revolutionary war. He took up his residence, first in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Washington, in both of which places he received the marked attention of General Washington. Subsequently, he was taken ill, and died in this country. During his illness, it is said, the kindest attentions of General Washington were proffered and accepted; and, after his death, the body was carefully preserved, by General Washington's orders, until it was sent for to be conveyed to England.

Lord Ellenborough was filled with regret at the intelligence of his brother's death, and adopted all means to ascertain the extent of his sufferings, and what attention he had received. Learning through various sources the kindness which had been extended to his deceased brother by General Washington, he caused the snuff box to be made and sent to him, with many expressions of gratitude.

The box descended to some of Washington's heirs, and passed through several hands, by which its history is fully and authentically traced, until it came into the possession of an aged widow lady, residing in Virginia. At a time when the Colonization Society was making great efforts to liberate the slaves of this country, and transmit them to Africa, this old lady came forward and presented the Society with the box, desiring that it might be sold to some members of the Society, and the avails appropriated to their objects. This was done, the box bringing between three and four hundred dollars. It was bought by an eminent judge of Connecticut, at the suggestion of the Rev. Walter Colton, who was at the time acting in some official capacity in the Colonization Society. The box is still the property of the original purchaser, and as it is a matter of great curiosity, we shall take pleasure in affording any of our friends a pinch of snuff from it, who have a desire to examine it, and will take the trouble to call at our office, where it can be seen. [N. Y. Emporium.]

The Poor and the Rich.

If we were to consider with what painful labour the poor earn their daily bread, we should feel ashamed of our own insatiable desires. The cruel contrast in the circumstances of the human community has some shades so dark that it is difficult to find a ray of retribution bright enough to dispel them. As long as human society has existed, at all times, in every form, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, there have arisen philanthropists, world-betterers, men full of moral and religious ideas, who have labored hard to remove this inequality; but their efforts have been all experimental. As soon as the circle widens, in space as well as in time, equality ceases; sinking back on the one hand into the oppression of want, on the other into the fullness of enjoyment, and generally leaving necessity as the only bond of union between the two opposite poles of human existence. The poor must earn a living; the rich must live at their ease. But alas! this bond is not what it ought to be between men who have all the same immortal soul; a little more kindness of feeling, a little more sympathy would do no harm. The poor man is rude; how should he be otherwise? He lives beneath an unfriendly sky, in a rude dwelling, and on hard bread: will this make him mild and gentle? But we who enjoy carpets and cushions, and all sorts of material and spiritual luxuries—why are we so rude to him? Why do we treat him as a creature whom we may satisfy with a penny, just as we throw a bone to a dog? In countries where civilization is highest, this chasm is the widest; and I sometimes ask myself whether, in general, civilization means any thing else than the tendency and ability to drive the extreme poles of human society to the greatest possible distance from each other, and keep them there, hovering over the abyss, till they shall be forced to make a bridge across, and come together on different terms. What these terms are no one has yet discovered! Perhaps this discovery is the secret problem of our deliberating, all-investigating, all-rejecting, unsettled, uncomfortable time—and, perhaps it is so unsettled for this reason, that it does not feel itself equal to the solution of its problem.—[Travels in Sweden.]

Anecdote.

We find the following curious hit at the Lord Bishops of England, in an old newspaper, published in Boston some seventy-five years ago. It was evidently from the pen of one who inherited from his patriotic ancestors unpleasant feelings towards the Established Church.

When Sir Robert Walpole began to manifest symptoms of declining power, the first of his old friends who shrunk from him were the Bishops. Having, however, a question to carry in the House of Lords, to the success of which the Episcopal votes were essentially requisite, he applied to his firm and faithful friend, the Archbishop of York, to assist him in procuring the support of the Right Rev. Bench. The Prelate shook his head when the Minister urged the necessity of personal application. My good friend, said he, there is but one way to proceed with my Right Rev. brethren, and you may be assured I will put it in practice. Trouble yourself no further about the matter, and be as secure of their votes as if they had already given them. The Minister went away perfectly satisfied, and the Archbishop took immediately to his bed, ordered the knocker to be tied up, the street to be covered with straw, and desired his confidential physician to intimate, by shrugs of his shoulders and shakes of his head, that he was in very great danger. The sickness of the Archbishop was soon known—the Archbishop's mitre danced before the Right Rev. Bench—the Bishops returned to Ministerial duty—Sir Robert Walpole gained his point—and the sick Archbishop on being informed of his success, immediately quitted his sick bed in order to dine with the Minister, and laughed in their sleeves at the trick they had put upon *lawn* sleeves.

[Boston Journal.]

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs, printed with all the different colored inks.

Death of General Jackson.

We stop the press this (Wednesday) morning to announce the death of Ex-President Jackson. He expired at 6 o'clock, on the 8th of June, after taking an affectionate farewell of his family and friends. Peace to his ashes!

Unreasonable Complaints.

There are too many persons in the community who would render themselves and those about them unhappy, by an inveterate habit of complaining of the past and foreboding evil for the future. To them, the weather is always unpropitious—too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. Every day—every change has its note of murmuring. Such persons speak as if they regarded all the wise dispensations of a merciful Providence, as the devices of an enemy, calculated only to work them injury. We have had two weeks of warm, dry weather—what say you, neighbor Grumble? "Oppressively hot—cannot work with any comfort—cannot work my cattle. The ground is all parched up—vegetation suffers tremendously. We shall have no hay this year—pastures will fail—cattle will starve! Never knew it so dry and hot before at this season of the year." Well, we have a change—a powerful rain—several days of cloudy weather—and it is quite cool—are you satisfied now? "What weather! need mittens and an overcoat—nothing can grow it is so cold—we shall have a frost to kill everything—the ground is so wet it cannot be worked—the seed that has been put in will not come up. We shall have a cold, unfruitful season—it is of no use to try to plant or sow, for we shall raise nothing. I do not wonder that people are moving away—we must go farther south where the weather is warmer, or we shall starve." And these ungrateful and distrustful strains are continued throughout the season, till what will come. These wisecracks see a thousand things to lament—a thousand things to ruin the crops, and bring starvation upon the people. It is nothing to them that they are so generally in error—that, despite all their grumbling, the well-directed labors of the husbandman have generally been rewarded by bountiful harvests;—their senseless complaints are still made against every thing which is beyond their comprehension. And who are these grumblers? Perhaps we have all seen them. They are men without reflection—without true piety—whatever may be their professions or pretensions.—We have not the least reason to distrust the unfeeling wisdom and goodness which are displayed in the natural world.

Let us look to the past. From the creation, the various vicissitudes of day and night, and summer and winter, and seed time and harvest, have taken place without failure or real imperfection; and while the earth remains we are assured that these necessary and beneficial changes shall continue.

Rains and dews have been sent upon the just and upon the unjust—the earth has yielded her increase, and the prudent and industrious have been blessed with food and plenty from her store. How few the unfruitful seasons compared with the fruitful! How limited the extent and duration of the severest famines! How much more human suffering can be traced to idleness, ignorance and crime, than we can refer to unavoidable natural evils! Providence has ever been better to man than he has been to himself or his brother man.

One fact may be noticed. There are many thousand different plants which cover the earth—there are innumerable insects and animals constantly feeding upon them—they are exposed to all the changes of heat and cold, dry and wet, summer and winter, about which some are always complaining,—and yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a just balance maintained, and we do not know that a single species in the vegetable world has been lost since the creation! That wisdom which has preserved the plants which clothe the earth, and that power which causes them to spring up and increase, still presides over the affairs of the world, and we have no reason for apprehension and distrust when we are in the way of our duty.

How many seasons, within the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants now living, can be pointed out, during which good crops of some kind or other have not been or could not have been raised in this State, by judicious and skillful management? We may venture to say that there have been but very few, if indeed any such seasons. We cannot reasonably expect an extraordinary yield of all kinds of produce every year. When we have a great yield of corn, grain may not do so well; and when we have an abundance of potatoes, our hay, or some other crop, may fall short. One season may favor one crop, and the next another, and we have no reason to complain of this.

For twenty-five years past, we may say that every season good crops of some kind have been raised, when put on suitable soil, with the proper cultivation; while, at the same time, other crops have been cut off. And we may expect that it will be so again for the future. In time past industry and skill have been rewarded, and the same unquestionably will hold true for time to come. But never have peevish complaints and forebodings of future evils averted (faunes), or showed a becoming spirit in view of Divine blessings. It is wrong for us to indulge in any language or thoughts which show ingratitude or distrust toward the great Source of all good—the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The most that we should say of those dispensations of His Providence which are dark to us, is that we cannot understand them—but do not let us suppose for even a moment, that any of them are intended to work absolute evil in his creation. Then away with this miserable and worse than useless croaking and complaining about the weather, the seasons, and the crops.

But that those who have hitherto done so much of this unreasonable and useless complaining, may not be under the necessity of breaking it all off at once, without having a substitute for the exercise of their complaining faculties, a few additional hints may open a field which they may improve full as much to their own profit and the edification of their neighbors.

Now we know that crops often turn out poorly.—There may be a cause for this. And in case of failure there may be just reason to complain. We shall not probably find the weather or the season at fault, if at all, so often as many seem to suppose. Crops are more frequently injured or ruined for want of

suitable fences—they are overrun with weeds—the right kind of seed is not used, or it is not planted or sowed at the proper time—the land is not properly cultivated or dressed—the crop is not adapted to the soil, or the soil to the crop—the land may have been exhausted by injudicious cropping, or the proper rotation may not have been observed—the crop may not be suited to the climate or situation—or it may not be properly secured in harvesting.—We may attribute most failures to some of these causes. These things may be remedied—here complaints may do good. Let the farmer who is disappointed in his crop ascertain the true cause of the failure, and then let him complain, earnestly and loudly, to him whose business it was to avoid these errors, (he need not trouble any one else about it, or go far from home to do it,) nor let him despair until he has assurance that they will be corrected in the future.

"What shall we Eat and what shall we Drink?"

The summer season tries the physical powers of man vastly more than the winter, when less labor is performed; and there is less exhaustion of fluid than in summer, because of the increased expenditure of fluid by perspiration, &c. It is therefore important to pay attention to the nature of the food and drink which is used to keep up the supply of animal power.

The observing, and very sensible editor of the American Agriculturist, has a very reasonable article on this subject.

He says that "the lean of venison, beef, mutton, pork, ham, and shoulders, is the best meat for this purpose, (producing the greatest degree of muscular strength.) Next comes veal, poultry, and the drier kinds of fish; side pork is too fat and gross, and should be avoided as much as possible, especially during the summer season. It is decidedly better to eat meat fresh; salted, it makes one so thirsty that he is apt to overload his stomach with water, and thus become heavy and sluggish. Oatmeal is undoubtedly the best food for bread; but as the American farmer is not accustomed to it, he prefers wheat; then rye, with both of which a slight quantity of Indian meal should be mixed." We have heard barley bread much vaunted, yet as we have had little experience in it, and that not of the most favorable kind, we do not recommend it; and if we did, we doubt whether our farmers would consider it fit for their tables. Oatmeal cakes we have often eaten, and relish them highly. Corn bread has a large percentage of oil in it, and for this reason it is rather too freely used at the west and south. Rice is much used at the south for bread, and should be placed before corn. Of vegetables, beans and peas stand far higher than any other within our experience. Meaty potatoes come next on the muscular list; but as to the most of the other kinds of vegetables, they are too watery, and should be eaten sparingly during the hard-working season. Cheese is good, especially that made from skim-milk, as it abounds more in caseine than in butter. Butter should be avoided as too fat. Milk is not solid enough for hard work.

Drink.—The best drink we ever found to quench thirst, was water slightly sweetened with sugar, and then made a little tart with pure cider vinegar. It is also one of the most healthful drinks.

A very good kind of beer may be made by taking the usual quantity of molasses and water and yeast for making spruce beer, and then adding a strong decoction of Dandelion.

"Speaking of oatmeal bread reminds us of an anecdote of Capt. Francis, one of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians. We were, several years ago, at the house of Mr. Fitzhugh, on the Arrostook river, when the captain and a brother Indian called there to get some dinner. Among other things set before them, was a oatmeal pudding. The captain tasted of it and shook his head. His dignity seemed to be insulted; and turning round to the good woman of the house, addressed her thus: "Now, you Miss white man's squaw, who do you suppose I have um most kind of blood in me—Horse blood or Indian blood? If I have um most horse blood, then I eat um your oats."

ED. MR. FARMER.

Drowned.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we record the sudden and melancholy death of GEORGE SOUTHWICK, only son of JACOB SOUTHWICK, Esq., of Vassalboro'. This promising young man was, we understand, a student in Waterville College, and met his untimely death on Saturday last, under the following circumstances. In the afternoon, being at Waterville, and wishing to visit his father's in Vassalboro', some six or eight miles this side of W., and not finding a chance to ride, he went to the river, placed a board across two logs, got upon his raft thus formed, and started for his destination. When at Six-mile Falls, or rips, it is supposed the logs separated and rolled, precipitating him into the water; and when he fell, probably received an injury, or was strangled, as, being a good swimmer, he did not reach the shore. Mr. S. had requested a teamster, who went to W. on Saturday, to give him a ride home on his return, but the man forgot the request, and did not see the young man until after his return, when, on going near the river, he heard his cries for help, and saw him struggling in the current. Being frightened, instead of making instant effort to rescue him, the man ran back to the dwellings for help; and when he returned, accompanied by others, young Southwick had disappeared beneath the surface of the liquid element. He was about sixteen years of age. His body had not been recovered at our last advices.

Interesting Discovery.—Among the letters and papers of Gen. Philip Schuyler, is one in which he speaks of the existence of a box, or camp-chest, left in this city, which contained much valuable correspondence and information relative to events connected with the American Revolution and the History of that period. On the occasion of the late visit of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the only surviving daughter of Gen. Schuyler, to this city, search was instituted for this long-missing box, and it was luckily found among the lumber and rubbish of some quiet nook, where it had undisturbedly reposed for fifty years. It was removed from its resting place, and sent, on Saturday, to Mr. Hamilton. It undoubtedly contains manuscript treasures of great value, connected with some of those stirring events of the Revolution, in which General Philip Schuyler was a prominent actor.

[Albany Citizen, Wednesday.]

Melancholy Death. The Norfolk Democrat says a little boy of six years old, a son of Mr. Lewis Cabett, of West Dedham, came to his death last week in consequence of taking some tobacco into his stomach. The child went to the store of Mr. Jason Ellis, Jr., in that place, and asked the clerk, a boy by the name of Hank, for some kind of confectionery. He was told they had no sugar plums, but he could have some tobacco. The clerk replied that tobacco would make him sick. The clerk argued that it would not, and took a cracker and put on some butter, and molasses, and tobacco, and succeeded in some way in getting it down the child. The little fellow was taken vomiting soon after, and continued so to do for several days, and at length went into fits, and finally died on Thursday the 5th inst. We understand that Mr. Ellis promptly discharged the clerk as soon as it was known that he had committed the infamous transaction. If there is any punishment that can reach him, he should not be permitted to escape "whit of justice."

More attempts to burn the City!

A bold and dastardly attempt was made last evening, at 10 o'clock, to set fire to our office—some incendiary entered the yard on Market street, and at a narrow place under the corner of the office, deposited a quantity of combustibles, and set them on fire. The combustibles were overlaid with chips, and the flames blazed up to the counting room window, before we discovered it. Our men were at work in the office, and several gentlemen were in the counting room all the evening—and yet this cold-blooded villain set this fire almost under our eyes!

There is no mistake in this attempt, as the materials were carefully arranged for a fire! Our citizens must not relax their vigilance. There is a design to produce an extensive conflagration! It must be guarded against at all risks.

Another attempt to set fire!!! On Wednesday night, at ten o'clock, another attempt was made to get up a conflagration in this city. It was made in the lane just west of Chestnut St., near the Mutual Stables. Capt. Cobb, who lives on the premises, was aroused by his wife, (she hearing some suspicious sounds) and on his turning out, he saw a man running up the lane toward the Stone Church. Fearing fire, on looking around, he found between two buildings 12 to 18 inches apart, a lot of shavings just kindling up! The facilities for an extensive conflagration, in that neighborhood, are great, and the fiends had availed themselves of the circumstance, to thrust in their combustibles. The most respectable gentlemen, who were in the neighborhood, will acknowledge that it was a real case. [Portland Argus.]

FIRE IN BELGRADE.—The large tannery of Southwick & Whitten, at Belgrade Mills, was consumed by fire on Sunday morning the 8th inst. The fire broke out about half past twelve, and from its appearance when discovered, must have originated in the upper part of the building. It had progressed too far to be extinguished, there being no engine in the place; the efforts of the people were directed towards saving the hides and leather inside, and to prevent the flames spreading to the other buildings, and to a large quantity of lumber. The night being calm, the fire by great effort, was prevented from spreading. Had the wind blown strong nearly the whole village would probably have been consumed. Nearly half the leather which hung up was got out; the cause of the fire is unknown. When we first heard of the fire, (on Monday), it was not known at Belgrade whether there was any insurance, that business having been left with Mr. Southwick, who resides in Boston.

Since then Mr. Whitten has been to Boston and has just returned, and we are happy to hear there was an insurance of \$3,000, which, however, will not cover all the loss.—[Kennebec Journal.]

FIRE IN CALAIS.—Yesterday morning, about 1 o'clock, the building on the corner of Main and Milltown streets occupied by Mr. Bedlow as a Bookstore, Mr. C. W. Wiley as an apothecary's shop, and Mr. Pond as a Shoe Store, was discovered to be on fire, which spread with great rapidity, notwithstanding the engines were on the ground and the firemen exerted themselves to stop it. The building in which the fire caught, together with S. B. Pond's confectionery and grocery, the upper part of which was occupied as a dwelling house, J. Judson Ames' confectionery and grocery; J. P. Dunn's tailoring establishment, and the two-story dwelling house owned partly by the widow Bixby, and partly by Mr. John Barnard of Boston; and the Messrs. Hopkins' blacksmith shop, were entirely consumed. Mr. Bedlow was insured; also Mr. Pond and Mr. Ames. Wiley was not insured. The loss will not fall far short of \$5,000, or thereabouts, which there was about \$2,500 insurance.—[Eastport Sentinel of the 10th inst.]

Fire at Hampden. Destruction of Messrs. Norton & Co.'s Paper Mill, and for dwelling house.—A fire broke out on Sunday of last week, about 2 o'clock P. M., in the large paper manufacturing establishment owned by Paul Dewing, Esq., of Hampden, and Joshua Norton, Jr., of Boston, which, together with the dwellings used as boarding houses for the hands employed in the mill, and a large storehouse, were entirely consumed. So rapid was the progress of the flames that nothing was saved from the mill. The furniture, &c., of the dwellings, were mostly saved. The loss is probably upwards of \$20,000; insurance \$10,000. This was a very valuable mill, in complete order, and well stocked. The loss will be severely felt by those connected with the establishment, and the enterprising proprietors will receive the sympathies of their numerous friends.

The mill was formerly owned by A. G. Brown, and was built upon the site of the one destroyed by fire a few years since, and which was owned by him.—[Bangor Mercury.]

FIRE—The Academy of the Fine Arts burnt down.—Last evening a little before 11 o'clock, the alarm of fire was given—it proved to be the Academy of the Fine Arts, which was the work of an incendiary, who had effected an entrance in the rear of the building, and communicated the fire underneath the State Gallery, which was entirely destroyed, with all its contents. The fire spread to the literary room and a large number of pictures were destroyed, before they could be removed, in consequence of the dense smoke.

With great efforts, the valuable library, chiefly a present from Napoleon Bonaparte, was saved, though considerably injured. The fire communicated to the pictures in the Rotunda, and several were destroyed, some of them of great value. Among the number were Murillo's great picture of the Roman Daughter, valued at \$3000, and Dugald Stewart, by Raelum. Most of the pictures were removed from the Rotunda and North Gallery.—Allston's picture of the Dead Man Restored, was saved, and Death on the Pale Horse, in a mutilated condition.

About one o'clock, the whole of the North Gallery was in ruins.

Thus the torch of the incendiary has nearly destroyed the largest and best collection of the works of art in the United States—and which has been the labor of nearly forty years in collecting. The loss is irreparable, and will be felt by a large number of artists and amateurs of painting and sculpture.—[Philadelphia North American of the 12th.]

A NEW PROJECT.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a suggestion to the effect that a monument to the distinguished Fulton be erected on the top of "Grand Tower" rock in the Mississippi, the expense of which, it says could easily be defrayed by collecting from passengers in the boats which pass it. A statue of Fulton, erected by Powers, the native sculptor of the valley, and erected on the top of the Grand Tower midway in the length of the great Mississippi, and in its strongest current, would indeed be a noble memorial—at once honorable to the mighty genius who taught how to stem the tide of the great "Father of Waters," to the art of sculpture as developed by the great West; and to the gratitude of a nation. The suggestion, says the Knickerbocker, is quite too important to be overlooked, and one which every American would feel proud to see carried into effect.

AMERICAN COIN.—One of the collateral benefits of the new postage law will be, the exclusion of those inconvenient, non-descript foreigners, called fourpences and ninepences; and the introduction, in their places, of those pretty and convenient little natives, dimes and half-dimes. It has always seemed to us passing strange, that when we had the most simple and convenient national currency in the world that so much of our small coin must be foreign; and that our shopkeepers and others must buy and sell with foreign pieces, as shillings, sixpences, &c.; and that our National Government must keep up this anti-American system, by their Post Office charges. Who, for instance, could pay an 18-3-4 cents letter with American coin, or a 1-1-2 cent newspaper?—[Boston Traveller.]

Drowned.—Nathan Downing, aged 21 years, a native of Auburn, Me., was drowned in West Cambridge on Sunday. He was in the employ of Mr. J. H. Hotchkiss.

From Texas.

The steam Packet McKim arrived at New Orleans on the 31st ult., bringing dates from Houston to the 27th, and Galveston to the 28th ult. From the Picaresque we copy the following items of intelligence:

The United States squadron had sailed from Galveston. The new sloop-of-war St. Marys, reported to be one of the fastest sailers in the American Navy, was dispatched on the evening of the 24th May for Vera Cruz, by Com. Stockton. The other vessels comprising the squadron—the Princeton, Saratoga and brig Porpoise—sailed on a cruise down the Gulf on the 27th, three days after, and we believe it is Com. Stockton's intention to look in at Corpus Christi, Brazos Santiago, and perhaps other points on the coast. The Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, United States Postmaster General, sailed on board the Princeton, and the fleet was expected to return to Galveston in the course of ten days, when it was said to be Com. Stockton's intention to give a magnificent ball on board the Princeton, in return for the compliment paid himself and officers.

Among the passengers by the McKim, were the gentlemen comprising the party which left this city for the buffalo grounds two months since, one of the editors of this paper being of the number. They found buffalo, deer, and antelope in great numbers on the small streams between San Gabriel and Little River, and were highly successful in their different hunts, especially in chasing the former animal. They have been in the immediate vicinity of the immense encampment of Comanches, who have recently pitched their lodges on the northern side of Little River.

The McKim brought over despatches from Com. Stockton to the Secretary of the Navy, which will be forwarded to Washington this morning.

The recommendation of President Jones, for election members of the convention, meets with general favor, save perhaps in the west, and it is thought that in that section the people will give way and make choice of delegates.

The following extract we copy from the Houston Star of the 24th May. The editor, after mentioning a previous rumor that Mexican troops were concentrating at San Luis Potosi, goes on to say:

"Within a few days we have received intelligence from a respectable source that these troops have approached the Rio Grande, and that it is now currently reported in Mexico that they are to be stationed east of that river. It is said that the Mexican government is determined to take possession of the country west of the Nueces, and when the measure of annexation is consummated, she will appeal to the world and declare that as the territory west of the Nueces is in possession of her troops, the claim of Texas to it is void. Information has recently been received at Corpus Christi that indicates that Mexico is playing a deep scheme of treachery. We are happy to state here that arrangements have been made to obtain accurate information of the movements of the Mexican forces, and it is believed that our government will be prepared to repel any incursion of Mexican troops into the disputed territory."

It may be that Com. Stockton's visit to Corpus Christi and that vicinity has something to do with this business. It would be a good joke indeed were the Mexicans to throw bodies of troops at different points on the Nueces, and so on through New-Mexico, and when boundaries finally come to be talked of to say that she has and holds all the territory as far east as the Nueces. Possession is a good deal in an argument, and it might be well for the Texans to send out men towards the Rio Grande to look into this business and dislodge all intruders. The thing can be easy enough done, and may save much trouble.

LATE FROM MEXICO. The British frigate Eurydice arrived off the bar at the Balize, below New Orleans, on the 30th ult. The New Orleans Republic can have been furnished with a few items of information from Vera Cruz of a date as late as the 22d ult.

Regarding the treaty between Texas and Mexico the Mexican government finds itself in a dilemma which precipitate action might render dangerous.—They have raised a war spirit which they discover they cannot quell, and which even to conciliate appears hazardous.

The adherents of Santa Anna, and malcontents of every hue and kind, encourage all forms of opposition to the existing government. Knowing the inability of Mexico to engage with the United States in war, and confident that she cannot rely upon England for assistance, they represent to the ignorant multitudes the invasion of this country is a task of easy accomplishment, and that the British government only waits the word to join them against us. The people are therefore madly in favor of war, and the adoption of any course by the existing government having a peaceful tendency will more than probably result in its overthrow.

No attempts are made in Mexico to disguise the deep and active interests which Great Britain takes in everything calculated to prevent the effectuation of the annexation measure. It is said that, to accomplish her ends, she offers to pay the debt of Texas, and to assume for Mexico ten millions of her English bonds, guaranteeing independence to the one, and security from the inroads of the United States to the other.

The Texan or English commissioner, "whose name is never heard," was to leave Vera Cruz on the 22d inst., for Galveston, in the French brig-of-war Penur.

The following is from the New Orleans Republican of June 3:

"Private letters received here from Mexico by the British frigate Eurydice, state it as a matter almost of certainty that before long the Mexican government will declare war against the United States. We have seen some of these letters, and they all go to confirm the statements to this effect made in our paper yesterday. So hostile to this country and to Texas is the tone of public sentiment in Mexico, that it is generally believed the government will either declare war or suffer an overthrow by a new revolution.—From one of these letters, dated Vera Cruz, May 22, we have been permitted to make the following extract:

"Captain Elliott and a Commissioner of Texas are at this place, waiting for the arrival of letters from Mexico, which, it is said, will arrive to-day. They will sail direct for Galveston in the French brig La Perouse. In addition to the propositions made by England to both Texas and Mexico to settle the relations of these countries to each other and to the United States, in a manner agreeable to her policy, I am assured there are inducements offered of a tempting nature."

This, if true—and I have it from very good authority—proves that England has some very deep laid project with regard to Texas; one much more important to her than the advantages she might derive from the simple determination of Texas to remain independent, confirmed by the consent of Mexico.

Governor Shannon arrived here yesterday. He will go to the Anahuac to New York, unless Com. Connor offers him a man of war. Under ordinary circumstances this would be done; but it is said the Commodore is unwilling at this time to weaken the force of his command. Mr. Shannon was robbed both going and coming from Mexico."

The Oregon Emigrants.—(Extract of a letter from F. Adams, Esq., to a gentleman in this city, dated 19th May, 1845.)—"I left the (Oregon) emigrants above the main crossing of the Kansas, about one hundred miles from here, (Independence) on Thursday, the 15th of May; the emigration is very large, but I cannot tell the precise number of souls. There were about three hundred families, and an immense quantity of stock, &c. Five companies of dragoons started from Leavenworth for Fort Laird and the South Pass, the day before yesterday."—[Phil. Ledger.]

DROWNED. We are informed that three men belonging to Barnett & Goddard's drive, swamped on Piscataqua Falls on Wednesday last, and were drowned. Their names are James Smith, of Ellsworth, Dudley, of Hebron, and Smart, of Lincoln. [Bangor Whig.]

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows. composed of colored men, celebrated their first anniversary in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening. This society received its charter from England.

Fishing in the Bay of Fundy.—The Union (official paper) of Friday, gives the following information, as well as an interesting piece of intelligence:—**Interesting.**—It will doubtless be recollected that the construction of the first article of the convention between Great Britain and the United States of 1818, relative to the right of fishing in the waters of the Anglo-American dependencies, has been in discussion between the two governments, without having heretofore led to any satisfactory result.

The exclusion of American fishermen from the waters of the Bay of Fundy was the most prominent of the grievances complained of on behalf of the United States. We are gratified to be now enabled to state that a despatch has been recently received at the Department of State, from Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, from Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, from which it transmits a note from Lord Aberdeen, containing the satisfactory intelligence that, after a reconsideration of the subject, although the Queen's Government adheres to the construction of the convention which they have always maintained, they have still allowed American fishermen to pursue their avocations in any part of the bay of Fundy, provided they do not approach—except in the cases specified in the treaty of 1818—within three miles of the entrance of any bay on the coast of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

This is an important concession, not merely removing an occasion of frequent and unpleasant disagreement between the two governments, but as re-opening to our citizens those valuable fishing grounds within the bay of Fundy which they enjoyed before the year 1812, but from which, as the British Government since maintained, they were excluded by the convention of 1818.

Important from Cape Haytien.—The schooner Lochiel, Capt. Lufkin, arrived this morning from Cape Haytien, with dates to the 22d ult. Her news is both interesting and important. President Faustin arrived the day previous from Port au Prince with but a small escort, and returned in two days after, his visit to the capital being any thing but satisfactory. On his arrival at Port au Prince, he ordered the troops at that place to march upon the Spanish frontier, giving the command to General Riche. The troops refused to march, and the President ordered them to execute, and in a confusion which followed the President is said to have been shot at.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

CAPTURE. Last Sunday morning a young whale was discovered, having made his way up the Colorado river, (probably in search of alewives) by Mr. Benjamin Small, who, after watching his movements awhile, formed a plan of attack which proved successful. He ventured in a boat alongside of him, and with a boat hook put out his eye on the side leading down the river, which forced him into a small creek where the water was shoal. With an axe he made an incision, through which he passed a strong line, which kept his head in shore. After thrashing about two hours, the tide left him and he was finally secured. He was 41 feet long, and 8-1-2 feet through the thickest part. He yielded about 25 barrels of oil, and as much blubber. [Eastport Sentinel.]

Following the Example of the United States.—By late news from Monrovia, it appears that the Black Americans have been annexing two or three very large countries, larger than Texas and Oregon, to their colony. The Liberia Herald, of the 15th of March, states that the Governor had returned to Monrovia, from a visit to the Leeward Settlements, and had purchased the entire Sinoe country—much larger than the whole of Texas. The whole of the Bassa country, also, had been purchased, and is incorporated in the colony. This is a large and fertile district.

At the recent term of the Supreme Court at Pass, Asa Osgood, a lad of some fourteen years of age, was arraigned, charged with having assaulted and stabbed his mother. The Grand Jury found a bill for an aggravated assault; but reported that he was insane—upon which the Court ordered him to be sent to Augusta. [Norway Advertiser.]

FIRE.—The alarm of fire last night, about 15 minutes past 11 o'clock, proceeded from the burning of some bales of cotton, on the T. war. It was the act of an incendiary.

ANOTHER.—Just as this edition was going to press a fire broke out in the upper story of the stone building No. 96 Washington street. The firemen were promptly on the spot, and will probably subdue the flames with but trifling damage. The building was occupied by Deering & Greenleaf, J. Collamore & Co., Litch & Whipple, Nichols and others. Origin of the fire not ascertained.

INCENDIARISM.—We learn that attempts were made to set fire to the following named buildings, last night, by placing combustible materials in their entries: The building occupied by the Evening Gazette, on Water street; the Atlas building, on Spruce street; Rev. Mr. Barrett's Church, Chamber street; Rev. Mr. Frothingham's Church, Chauncy Place. Each of the fires were discovered in season to prevent serious damages. [Boston Bee.]

West Point Academy.—The examination commenced on Thursday. There were present Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War, General Sigsbee, and the whole Military Board; and Gen. Tallmadge, Gen. Starnes, Col. J. B. Murry, and Rev. Mr. Forsyth, visitors. The examination was very rigid, and was ably sustained on the part of the professors, and also of the cadets.—[

burga, and the first boat passed over on the 3d, with music and rejoicing.



which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
PRICES—From \$5.50 to \$15.
 May, 1846. **JOHN MEANS & SON.**

Seythes. Seythes.
WELL known and superior "Wayne Seythes" for
sale by the dozen, by
May 29. FAIRBANKS & EVELETH.

Augusta, May 14, 1845. DWIGZ

ADY'S BOOK for June, received and for sale by
EDWARD FENNO.

The Muse.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

How Beautiful is Thought.

BY MRS. H. L. HIGHTSHIRE.

How beautiful is thought!
E'en as it gushes from the heart's warm depths,
Or soars ecstatic from the glowing brain,
No bird that long in prison bars is confined,
More gladly on the line air rouseth free;
No gale propitious o'er the bright lilies borne,
E'er wafts more gently o'er the quiet sea,
Than doth the impatient thought, that glorieth to be.

It soareth to the Heaven—
It floats upon those pale and sunny wreaths,
That seem to linger in the arch of blue;
It revels in the glorious ruddy light
The bright sun giveth for the evening's dower;
Then doth it walk along the gorgeous host,
The many wondrous that glow the midnight hour,
And owns the God of truth, in plenitude of power.

It listens for earth's music,
And over flowers and verdure glanceth ever,
Catches the echo of the forest's tone,
And on the sand, the giddy sea waves,
Watching the ship beneath proud man's decree;
Then 'mid the fairy creatures, all at play,
It searches for gay shells and coral treas,
And findeth beauty in the deep, deep sea.

Back, when in earliest time,
The king first lorded o'er his fellow man,
And warring host met host with flashing steel,
And Act did erst his noble gifts reveal,
Counting the treasures from each volume brought,
It watcheth little Mimi's pre-occupation,
And, while all earth with poetry is fraught,
It feels and knows the truth—how beautiful is thought!

The Story Teller.

From Neill's Saturday Gazette.

The Left-Hand Glove; Or, Circumstantial Evidence.

A THRILLING TALE.

On the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on the other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human foot-step disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th July, 1913, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace and turned directly into the path leading to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighboring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corpse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat, had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl. The piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood.

On a careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light-colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of his fingers was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground around the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighboring country people believed was haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw, left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banquet hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little farther on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village church-yard, after being throughout the day exposed to public gaze.

On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognized in the murdered man a traveler who slept in his house on the night of the 16th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger, nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognized on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared.

He came from Frankfurt, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant for a number of years, and also a proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, traveling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearing, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found upon the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identified with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts, viz., quarterly Sable and Azure on a Chief Or, a Serpent between Two Bees.

The Ober Procurator of Muhlbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau. An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz Von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother had about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my brother. Our family have the greatest interest in elucidating the mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but he had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December; he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity, and with him he proceeded to Coblenz. The mystery of the case, the important interest involved in it, and the rank of the family all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward Von Bergfeldt at Coblenz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honor. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue."

July 13th.

As soon as Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt perused this note he felt convinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It had been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note."

Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrate various circumstances worthy of attention. A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighborhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright colored dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the bath at Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her:

"In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm. Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers and a green silk dress. Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said:

"We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is the right-hand glove, and on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Heinrich*—*F*—*ke*, being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent,

who had orders to spare no exertion for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:

"Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green silk purse in the hand of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay; he was aware that in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand Von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting a reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. The circumstance, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 20th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte Von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession she turned and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little farther conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just grounds for complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:

"I have some particulars to communicate which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your attention. In the first place I have to inform you that we have found the left-hand glove. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner:

In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Madeiroiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mad. Raumer called on me and presented to me the left-hand glove. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*."

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" enquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaben, and he called on me accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession."

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true."

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects; its signature was the letter *C*. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh, what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

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"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh, what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man; only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the electress! There was no king of Saxony in those days. But every thing is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial *C* had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame Von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaben who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter: Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated in a serious way in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police have discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank back on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte who wished to have a private conversation with him.

[Conclusion next week.]

Portrait Painting. Mr. Willis of the New York Mirror, thus sketches the American people en masse.

"We are a nation of flat chests and round backs, cramped gait and pale faces. Our brains and stomachs are overworked, and the other limbs and organs are neither trained, nor called upon, to contribute strength to the system. The consequence is, we are inferior to most nations of the world in manly beauty."

But, at the same time we are the most painstaking and expensive of nations in our attention to the exterior. Broadway is full of young men who are half ruined by their extravagance in Broadcloth and gloves, patent leather and Macassar oil—ignorant, every one of them, that a secret which they can have for nothing, would do more for their beauty than tailors and boot-makers. Not one in fifty has straight back and free action of a man to healthy exercise—but forty-nine out of fifty have coats upon their crooked backs, and pantaloons over their cramped legs, which would serve a nobleman in Europe. Exercise, and a little attention to the gait and to the action of the chest and arms, might in one month, double the personal attractiveness of many men in New York, not to mention the more remote stimuli of national pride and healthy posterity."

Antiques. The Parisians are up "to tricks" that throw quite into the shade the "cutest" operations of a Connecticut "wooden nutmeg" or "horn flint" manufacturer. They manufacture antiques of every description for the Italian, Grecian and English market. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, states that almost all the articles of this description sold in Italy and Greece, are manufactured in Paris. An ancient vase is made by soaking it in a salt of iron till it is quite yellow, and knocking off one of the handles. A virtuoso may obtain in that city, frescoes and reliefs, rolls of papyrus, Egyptian mummy cases, mutilated Jupiters or Roman mosaics, in abundance. Or if he prefers, he may purchase "wood of the holy cross by the cord, and hair and tears of the Saints by the quantity." There is no place, adds the writer, "like Paris for humbugging people. I verily believe I could find the lancet of Hippocrates or the wand of Esculapius himself, if I were to search for them by the light of two gold Napoleons. So when you send out your orders, don't feel obliged to limit your wishes within the bounds of seeming probability, but, having properly attended to your bill of exchange, assure your self of possessing what you have ordered, with as much confidence as if Alladin's lamp or the ring of Prince Wahib were at your command."

[Salem Observer.]

Coach Manufactory.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public that he has on hand, and is constantly manufacturing, STAGE COACHES of all descriptions, warranted not inferior, in any respect, to any that are manufactured in New England. Also, CHAIRS, PHAETONS, BUGGYS, Side Saddle Springs and common WAGONS, of superior style and finish—which will be sold for Cash or good paper, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere of the same quality. Either of the undersigned gentlemen can be referred to for particulars concerning the work manufactured at my shop, south end Water Street.

B. F. MORSE.
JOSEPH SHAW, Bangor.
Augusta, April 8, 1845.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.

A LARGE and well selected stock, consisting of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-stuffs and Groceries, just received and for sale on reasonable terms, by
SAMUEL ADAMS,
Druggist and Apothecary.

Hallowell, January, 1845.

Iron, &c.

A FULL assortment of English, Swedish, old table, B. B. Iron; jack and mill plates; nail and spike rods, German and Swedish steel; cooking steel; English and American spring steel; wires, anvils, axletrees; elliptic and cast springs; cart and wagon boxes and bolsters; iron bars, &c. &c., for sale by
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,
At the Hardware and Iron Store, 1st and 2d doors north of the Post Office.

Augusta, May, 1845.

CUT and wrought nails, sheet zinc, sheet lead, pipe, pumps. A full supply of German and American glass; the celebrated Desaug's do.; also Saratoga and Redford crown do. Hoes, shovels, and all other articles in the hardware line, for sale by
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.

Augusta, May, 1845.

A New Remedy at a Low Price!

ALL'S VEGETABLE GUM RHEUMATIC PLASTER is a cheap, efficacious, and highly approved remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Contraction of Joints, Pains in the Side, Back and Limbs, and is much called for as a strengthening Plaster, and all purposes for which Plasters are used. None give such entire satisfaction as this. Price, 25 cents for a small and 37½ cents for a large box.

For sale by Reuben Partridge, J. W. Patterson, Augustus, at the Foundry of Health, Hallowell, Asael Clark, C. Dickman, Gardiner; A. H. & H. P. Clark, Pittston; Lorenzo Crowell, Waterville; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Levi Emery, Jr., Bloomfield.

All applications for agencies must be made to JOHN SAFFORD, 2d, Hallowell, Monmouth, Me., (post paid) will be attended to.

A BROTT'S Drawing Cards for schools and families, for sale by
EDWARD FENNO.

WRITING INKS. Preston's, Stephens', and Freeman's Writing Ink, for sale by
EDWARD FENNO.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber still continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the old stand, opposite 264, No. 305, Washington street, Boston, entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. All individuals can see him alone, at any time at the above place.

Having had twenty years' experience, he has afforded relief to three thousand persons, for the last five years. All may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He is now confident he can give every individual relief who may call on him.

JP. The public are cautioned against the many quacks who promise what they cannot perform.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the last twenty years from different patent manufacturers, and now continues to wear those of his own manufacture, he is now able to decide, after examining the rupture, what sort of Truss is best to adopt to all the cases that occur; and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss that can be had elsewhere.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as Twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are all the different kinds similar to those that the late Mr. John Beath, of this city, formerly made, and all others advertised in Boston, together with the patent elastic spring Truss, with spring rods. Trusses without steel springs—these give relief in all cases of rupture, and a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night, improved hinge and pivot Truss; unilateral spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints, Trusses for Protrusion Ani, by wearing which, persons troubled with a descent of the rectum can ride on horse back with perfect ease and safety. Mr. F. also makes Trusses for Protrusion Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, knee caps and back boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufacturers, which they can have if they desire a suit them, after a fair trial they can exchange for any of them:—Dr. Hull's; Read's Spiral Truss; Rindell's; do.; Salmon's ball and socket; Sherman's patent; French do.; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do.; double and single; Stone's Trusses; also Trusses for children of all sizes.

Any kind of Truss repaired at short notice, and made as good as when new.

JP. Ladies wishing for any of these instruments, will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster, at the above place. Mrs. F. has been engaged in the above business for ten years. He likewise informs individuals he will not make their complaints known to any one, except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.
Boston, Sept. 18, 1844.

Bleeding at the Lungs.

N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, is the most efficient remedy known for this most fearful complaint. Read the following certificate, first published in the New York papers, from Alderman Morton, of 125 Water Street:

New York, 7th Nov., 1844.
Messrs. Curtis & Smith—At the request of your agent, I give you the result of a trial of Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. About one year since I had different attacks of Bleeding or Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and was much reduced and confined to my bed for near six months, since then I have had without cessation a severe cough and general debility, trying about every medicine of any reputation. A few days since I commenced the use of Down's Elixir, and have no hesitation in saying, that by my cough and soreness of lungs, it has proved of great benefit, and has been of essential service to me in restoring my health.

Yours respectfully,
PETER MORTON.

Coughs and Colds. At this season of colds and coughs, be sure to remember that in nine cases of ten, you may find relief in a few hours, or, if severe and obstinate, in a few days, by the use of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, the best remedy ever invented for diseases that affect the lungs and pulmonary organs.

Asthma. We believe it to be a generally acknowledged fact, wherever the medicine is known, that N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir gives greater relief in this distressing malady—in more instances effecting a perfect cure, than any other medicine ever invented.

The Croup. This formidable disease may be cured by N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir. We speak confidently, having never known, among the hundreds of instances in which it has been used, one where it has failed, when a fair trial has been had.

What parent, who has the care of children, will neglect to avail themselves of so invaluable a remedy, and to keep it constantly in their houses!

AGENTS—J. E. LADD, Augusta; B. Wales, Hallowell; H. Smith & Co., Gardiner; J. L. & O. Stanley, Waterville; Sumner C. Moulton, Wayne; A. Winslow, Monmouth; Lawrence & Hancock, Gray; Holland & Lane, Lewiston; William Dyer, Waterville; Pratt, Lawrence & Co., Fairfield; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Portland; G. Turner, Norridgewock; Rodney Collins, North Anson; C. Cummings, Jr. & Co., Solon; Jesse Thiel, West's Mills Industry; Rufus Jennings, Industry; John N. Perkins, Farmington; Joshua Bean, East Wilton; Marshall R. Warner, Wilton; Blaine & C. W. Dyer, New Sharon; Enoch Morrill, Strong; Columbus Swift, Phillips; J. R. Greenwood, Wald.

April 8.

Griewold's Salve.

FOR Burns, Scalds, Wounds, and Chilblains. Sold by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

Augusta, April 14, 1845.

Health and Strength.

DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S

Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters.

THE results of this medicine offer to the public an extensive practical and a thorough investigation of the laws which govern the human system. It cannot be denied, by those who have become acquainted with the singular virtues of these Bitters, that they were a pre-eminence over all others now in use, for the diseases which they profess to cure.

It is a well known fact, that most diseases arise from a derangement of the stomach and bowels, in youthful, adult and declining life.

"The stomach crammed with every dish, A tomb of roast and boiled, and flesh and fish; Where bile and wind, and phlegm and acid, jar, And all the man is one intestine war."

The extensive sympathies which subsist between these and every other part of the living body is the foundation of nervous diseases of all kinds, Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Dropsies, Wandering Pains, Headaches, Losses of Spirit, &c.

And these, in their turn, give birth to Dyspepsia, Flatulency, the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Jaundice, Piles, Fevers, Influenza, Humors, Coughs, and a host of diseases which embitter life and poison all sources of enjoyment.